

# The Indiana Farmer.

BY E. PATRICK & E. WHELOCK.

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**TERMS.**—The "Indiana Farmer" is published every Friday and delivered to subscribers at the Printing Office or placed in the Post-Office, packeted and directed to any other Post-Office, at two dollars and fifty cents per volume, (that is, 52 numbers) subject to collection when 25 numbers are delivered, but may be discharged with two dollars in advance. A failure to notify the publishers of a wish to discontinue at the end of the year, will be considered as a new engagement. Advertisements will be inserted in the Farmer at \$1 00 per square, for three weeks, with the addition of 25 cents for every subsequent insertion.

Under existing circumstances, it is impossible to set our terms at any permanent price—but from such as pay within a few weeks, in specie, one dollar and fifty cents will be received. Kentucky paper will always be taken at its par value.

## LAND OFFICE MONEY.

A list of Banks, the notes of which are receivable as Cash, for the sale of Public Lands, at Jeffersonville.

Bank of the U. S. and branches,	
Bank of Virginia and branches,	
Farmers' bank, ditto,	
Bank of Pennsylvania, (Philadelphia,)	
North America, do.	
Bank of Philadelphia, do.	
Farmers' and Mechanics' bk. do.	
Mechanics bank of city & co. do.	
Commercial Bank of Penn. do.	
Schuykill bank, do.	
Bank of Northern Liberties, do.	
Union bank of Baltimore, (Baltimore)	
Mechanics' bank, do.	
Merchants' bank of Baltimore, do.	
Franklin bank of do.	
Commercial and Farmers bk. do.	
Farmers and Mechanics bank do.	
Bank of Maryland, do.	
Bank of Baltimore, do.	
Bank of Columbia, District of Columbia.	
Union bank of Georgetown, do.	
Farmers and Mechanics bank do.	
Patriotic bank of Washington, do.	
Bank of Washington, do.	
Bank of Metropolis, do.	
Union bank of Alexandria, do.	
Bank of Alexandria, do.	
Bank of Potomack, do.	
Farmers bank of do.	
Central bank of Georgetown and Wash-	
ington Dist. Col.	
New-York bank (New-York,)	
Manhattan Company do.	
Mechanics bank do.	
Merchants bank do.	
Union bank of do.	
Bank of America do.	
Franklin bank of the City of New-York.	
Bank of Chillicothe,	
Bank of Illinois, at Shawneetown,	
Bank of Orleans, Orleans,	
State Bank of Louisiana,	
Union Bank of South Carolina,	
State Bank of South Carolina & bran.	
Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Indi-	
ana at Madison,	

*Dalcho's elegant apology to the Ladies.*

**MASONRY.**—Agreeably to the tenets of our order, the fair sex are excluded from associating with us in our mystic profession; not because they are deemed unworthy of the secret, "nor because the mechanical tools of the craft are too ponderous for them to wield," but from a consciousness of our own weakness. Should they be permitted to enter the lodge, love would oftentimes enter with them, jealousy would probably rankle in the hearts of the brethren, and fraternal affection be perverted into rivalry. Although the most amiable and lovely part of nature's works are excluded from our meetings, yet our order protects them from the attacks of vicious and unprincipled men. It forbids us to sacrifice the ease and peace of families for a momentary gratification; and it forbids us to undermine and take away that transcendent happiness from those whose hearts are united by the bonds of sincere affection. The feelings of women are exquisitely fine, and their generous sympathy is more easily awakened, by the misfortunes of their fellow creatures, than the stronger sex. The soft tear of pity bedews their cheeks at the tale of woe, and their gentle bosoms heave with tender emotions at the sight of wretchedness. They require not the adventitious aid of mystic institutions to urge them to acts of charity and benevolence, nor the use of symbols to lead them to virtue. Their own hearts are the lodges in which virtue presides and the dictates of her will is the only incentive to

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*From the Muskingum Messenger.*

It has always been a matter of astonishment to me that any man who pretends to have the least interest in the welfare of his country, should live without taking a newspaper—especially when his situation in life will well admit of it. The government of the United States was founded by the people, after they had contended for their liberties, and proved successful. Its principles were founded on the universal equality of all mankind, and upon the broadest basis of justice. These are principles which must meet the approbation of every American Republican, and as they are in accordance with the interests of mankind in general, they should be cherished with corresponding sincerity. When fully apprized of the value of these principles, a person would naturally enquire what he should do to perpetuate them? The answer would immediately occur, that the PRESS is the palladium of our liberties, and as such, should receive our hearty wishes and most friendly support. Let no one plead poverty in this land of plenty—particularly, when to support the press is guarding that liberty which he certainly prizes high.

Until its establishment the world was enveloped in the mists of superstition and ignorance, and monarchs swayed the sceptre in peaceful tyranny. But, from the light which it has shed throughout the universe, men have learned to know their rights, and through its influence will be able to maintain them. It is a principal ingredient in our republican institutions—and is it to be expected that any man who feels the least spark of patriotism glow within his breast, can be regardless of his safety? No:—then let him with the double incentive of interest and patriotism, give his cordial support to the "tyrant's foe—the people's friend."

FRANKLIN.

## THE GOOD WIFE.

The good wife is one, who, ever mindful of the solemn contract which she has entered into, is strictly virtuous, constant and faithful to her husband—chaste, pure and unblemished in every thought, word, and deed; she is humble and modest, from reason and conviction; submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination; what she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion. She makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband! As conscious that every thing which promotes his happiness, must, in the end contribute to her own. Her tenderness relieves his cares—her affection softens his distress—her good humor and complacency lessens and subdues his afflictions. Lastly, as a good and pious christian, she looks up with gratitude to the great dispenser and disposer of all things; to the husband of the widow—and the father of the fatherless—entreating his divine favor and assistance, in this and every other moral and religious duty. Well satisfied, that if she truly and punctually discharges her several offices and relations in this life, she shall be blessed and rewarded for it in another.

## THE GOOD HUSBAND.

The good husband is one, wedded not by interest, but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle. He treats his wife with delicacy, as a woman: with tenderness, as a friend—he attributes her follies to her weakness: her imprudence to her inadvantage—he passes them over therefore with good nature, and pardons them with indulgence. All his care and industry are employed for her welfare—and his strength and power are exerted for her support and protection. He is more anxious to preserve his own character, because her's is blended with it. Lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of christianity by his own example—That, as they join to promote each other's happiness in this world, they may unite to ensure eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

Clarkston, N. Y. Feb. 23.

*A wonderful Eater.*

Last evening a man at the grocery in this village, ate and drank, in the space of half an hour, seven pints of raw oysters, two quarts of water, three pints of cider, half a pint of whiskey, one gill of Rum, six crackers, three large red pepper pods, with salt and black pepper in proportion; and said were it not so late, he would call at the tavern for an oyster supper.

## SHELL "FISH STORY."

The following fact has been related to us, of a Sailor, belonging to the crew of the brig Leopard, of this port, when on her passage from New-Orleans to New-York, during the last month. While at anchor near the Caryford Reef, in about three fathoms water, a young man named David Kingsley, having declared his intention of going into the water and 'catch a turtle,' accordingly after some jeering from his ship-mates, and being stripped, he plunged in, and disappeared for some moments, when all was breathless anxiety and alarm for his safety; at length, and to their astonishment, at the distance of 25 or 30 rods from where he entered the water, he again appeared on the surface, puffing and wheezing, in concert with a fine green turtle, of about fifty pounds weight, which he held close in his arms, and which was secured, taken on board the brig and brought into New-York, as an additional trophy of the daring enterprize of American seamen.

Connecticut Courier.

A writer in a paper published abroad, has undertaken to quote Scripture, and mistaking Lawrence Sterne's Sentimental Journey for the Bible, makes this quotation—"in the language of the Psalmist, God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." This reminds us of an expression used by another man, who declared, that he was once much edified by a passage from the apostle Job, "a faint heart never won a fair lady"—a bystander who wished to be thought to know as much of Scripture as his companion replied, he remembered that passage very well and the succeeding one likewise, "a short horse is soon curried."

Baltimore Chronicle.

**ANGER.**—As the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees, and deformeth the face of nature; or as an earthquake in its convulsions overturneth cities: so the rage of an angry man throweth mischief around him; danger and destruction wait on his hand.

But consider, and forget not, thine own weakness; so shalt thou pardon the failings of others.

Indulge not thyself in the passion of Anger; it is whetting a sword to wound thy own breast, or murder thy friend.

If thou bearest slight provocations with patience, it shall be imputed unto thee for wisdom; and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance, thy heart shall feel rest, thy mind shall not reproach thee.

Seest thou not, that the angry man loseth his understanding? whilst thou art yet in thy senses, let the madness of another be a lesson to thyself.

Do nothing in thy passion; why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm?

If it be difficult to rule thine anger, it is wise to prevent it: avoid therefore all occasions of falling into wrath; or guard yourselves against them, whenever they occur.

A fool is provoked with insolent speeches; but a wise man laugheth them to scorn.

Harbour not revenge in thy breast; it will torment thy heart, and discolour its best inclinations.

Be always more ready to forgive, than to return an injury: he that watches for an opportunity of revenge, lies in wait against himself, and draweth down mischief on his own head.

A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast upon the fire, abateth his heat; and from an enemy he shall become thy friend.

Consider how few things are worthy of anger; and thou wouldst wonder, that any but fools should be wroth.

## PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

Close of an address to Sunday Schools by the Rev. Thomas Reffles, of Liverpool, England.

Can we estimate the value of a single, and immortal soul, a deathless being? By what standard will you calculate it? With what objects will you compare it? Conceive of every atom in the composition of the universe a gem. Could you make the calculation as many times as there are atoms, and tell us the mighty sum, it would fail, literally and truly it would fail, to convey to us any adequate idea of the value and importance of a single soul; for when all this wealth were expended in the pursuit of happiness, the spirit would be still in the dawn and infancy of its existence—panting for a felicity it could not purchase. Will you then attempt the calculation and tell us the amount? Before you pronounce the mighty sum—pause. Have you considered the duration of eternity? If you have not, I adjure you ponder it well ere you form your estimate of the work. I now command, the souls for whom I plead. The abyss, at whose brink I shudder; the ocean at whose immensity I am confounded; may be fathomed and defined; eternity! What adventurer ever stretched his pinions abroad on that abyss, and returned to the shores of time with tidings of the opposite coast? 'Tis a gulf that has no bottom; an ocean whose rude billows ever roll and never find a stand. Myriads of myriads of ages, heaped up till fancy fails and numbers are exhausted, leave the boundless waste of duration unexplored. They have deduced not an atom from eternity.—Yes, these myriads of ages, that spirit whose worth you are to calculate must inherit, whilst each, as it rolls, adds to its capacity or happiness or woe, till its sense of felicity or pain is exquisite as the periods of its duration are eternal.

"Before you form your estimate, look up to heaven. See the mighty preparation making there for its reception.—What realms of bliss for the immortal spirit to explore and possess. What golden streets through which to walk! what places of pearl in which to dwell! what streams of celestial pleasure of which to drink! and with what crowns of costly gems to be adorned; Hark! 'tis the song of the redeemed. To him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and has made us kings and priests unto God and his father; to him be the glory and dominion forever and ever, Amen. Then they strike their golden harps and pour the seraphic strains again.

Before you form your estimate, look into hell. Look through its dungeons of despair, before its magazines of wrath, and see its instruments of vengeance play. Single out a solitary victim, and listen to his agonized complaints—these chains forever!—these fiends forever!—this gnawing worm forever!—and then he shrieks, whilst a thousand echoes, like a thousand demons starting from their caves reply forever.

## CONJUGAL LOVE.

A person praising the affections of the widows of Malabar who burn themselves on a funeral pile in honor of their husbands' memory, Foote the comedian observed, "that the women of England claimed a higher honor; for they frequently burned before marriage for their first husbands, and afterwards for a second."

Memoirs of Foote v. 2, p. 112.

**PLAGIARISM.**—A new made justice of the peace in Dearborn county, Indiana, lately published an address to his constituents, the whole of which consisted of the first part of Mr. Barbour's speech to the House of Representatives of the United States, on being elected Speaker of that body, at the commencement of the present session.

Petersburgh Intelligencer.

**DUELLING.**—We read an anecdote of a nobleman who, during his life, had fought 14 duels to prove that Dante was a greater poet than Ariosto—but, on his death bed, he declared to his confessor, that he (like many others) had never read a line in either!